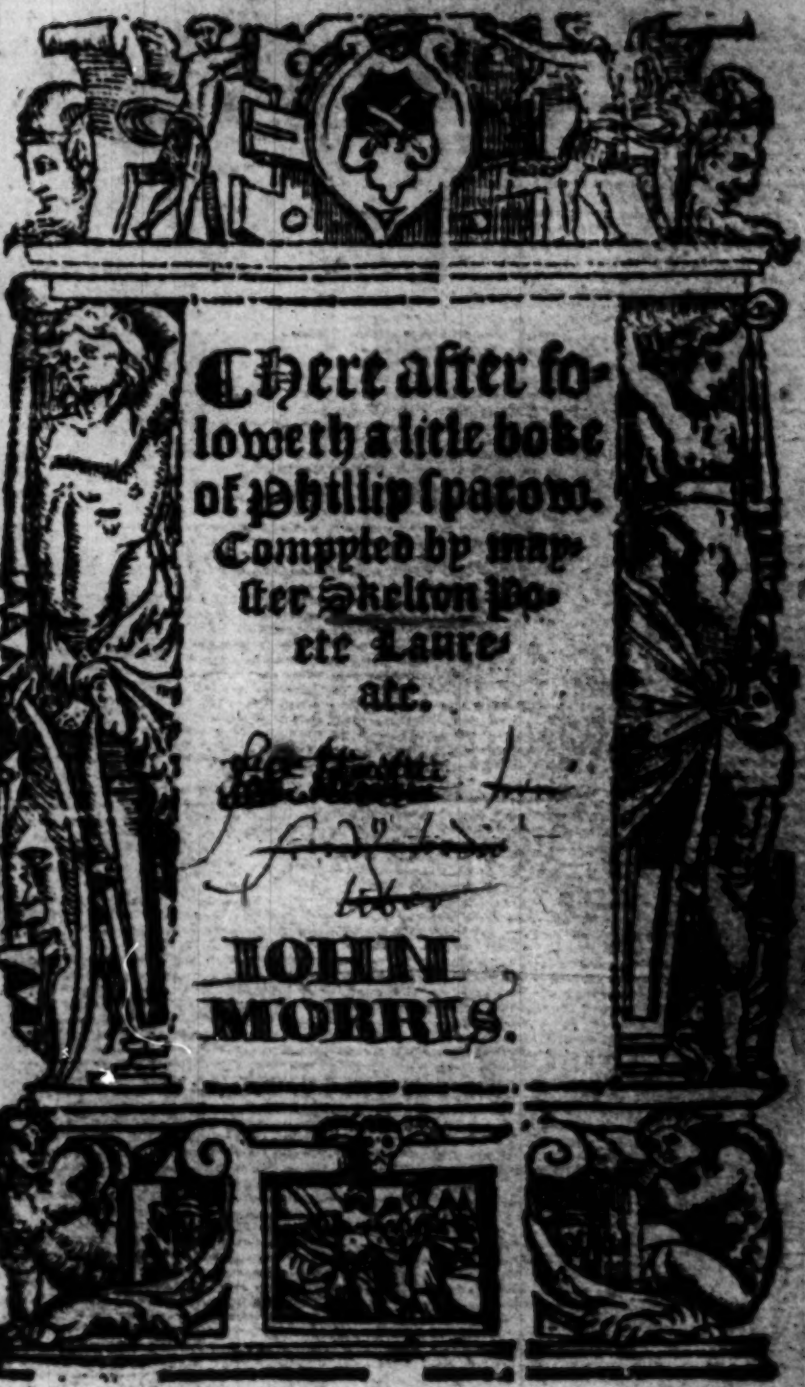
Here after fo-
loweth a litle boke
of Phillip ſparow.
Compyled by may-
ſter Skelton Po-
ete Laure-
ate.
IOHN
MORRIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM.

Placebo
Who is there who
Dilexi.
Dame Margery
Effare my my
Wherfore and why whye
For the soul of Philip sparow
That was late slaine at Carow
Among the Nunnes blake
For that sweet soules sake
And for all sparowes soules
Set in our bead roules.
Pater noster qui
With an Aue mari
And with the corner of a creed
The more shalbe your meed.

Whan I remembre agayne
How my philip was slaine
Neuer half the paine
Was betwene you twayne
Pyramus and Thesbe
As than befel to me

I wept and I wayled
The teares downe hayled
But nothing it auailed
To cal Philip againe
Whom Gib our cat hathe slaine
Gib I say out cat
Worrowed her on that
Which I loued best
It cannot be expressed
My sorowful heauynes
But al with out redres
For within that stound
Halfe slumbryng in a sound
I fel downe to the ground
Certenly I kest mine eyes
Toward the cloudy skyes
But whan I did behold
My sparow dead and cold
No creature but that wold
Haue rewed vpon me
To behold and se
What heauines did me pange
Wher with my hãdes I wrang
That

That my ſenowes cracked
As though I had ben racked
So payned and ſo ſtrained
That no life wel nye remained
I ſighed and I ſobbed
For that I was robbed
Of my ſparowes life
O mayden, widow and wife
Of what eſtate ye be
Of hye or low degre
Great ſorow than ye might ſe
And learne to wepe at me
Such paynes did me freat
That mine harte did beate
My viſage pale and dead
Wanne, and blue as lead
The panges of hateful death
Wel nye ſtopped my breath.

Heu heu me
That I am woe for thee
Ad dñm cum tribularer clamaui
Of god nothing els craue I

But

But Philips foule to kepe
From the marees deepe
Of Acherontes wel
That is a floud of hel
And from the greate Pluto
The prince of endles woe
And from foule Alecto
With vilage blacke and blo
And from Medusa that mare
That lyke a feende doth stare
And from Megeras edders
From ruffling of philips fethers
And from her firy sparklinges
For burning of his winges
And from the smokes soure
Of Proserpinas boure
And from the dennes darke
Where Cerberus doth barke
Whome Theseus did afray
Whome Hercules did out tray
As famous Poetes saye
For that hel hounde
That lyeth in chaynes bound

With

With gastly heades three
To Jupiter pray wee
That Philip preserued may be
Amen say ye wyth me.
¶ Do mi nus
Helpe nowe sweet Jesus
Leuaui oculos meos in montes
Wold God I had xenophontis.

OR Socrates the wyse
To shew me their deuise
Moderately to take
Thys sorow that I make
For Philyp sparowes sake
So feruently I shake
I fele my body quake
So vrgently I am brought
Into careful thought
¶ Like andromach hectors wife
Was weary of her lyfe
When she had lost her ioy
Noble Hector of Troy
In like maner also

Encreaseth my deadlye woe
For my sparow is go
It was for pretty a foole
It wold syt on a stoole
And learned after my scoole
For to kepe his cut
Wich phillip kepe yowr cut.
¶ It had a veluet cap
And wold syt vpon my lap
And seke after smal wormes
and sometime white bread crōmes
And many times and ofte
Betwene my brestes soft
It wold lye and rest
It was propre and prest
¶ Somtime he wold gaspe
Whan he saw a waspe
A flye or a gnat
He wold fly at that
And pretely he wold pant
Whan he saw an ant
Lord how he wold pry
After the butter fly

A lord how he wold hop
After the gressop
And whan I sayd, phyp phyp
Than he wold leape and skip
And take me by the lyp
Alas it wyl me sloe
That Philip is gone me fro
Si in iquitates
Alas I was evil at ease
De profundis clamaui
Whan I saw my sparowe dye.

NOwe after my dame
Dame Sulpicia at Rome
whose name registred was
For ever in tables of bras
Because that she did pas
In poesy to endyte
And eloquently to wryte
Though she wold pretend
Mr sparow to commend
I trow she could not amend
Reporting the vertues al

Of

Of my ſparow royal
For it wold come and go
And fle ſo to and fro
And on me it wold leape
Whan I was a ſleape
And his fethers ſhake
Where wyth he wold make
Me often for to wake
And for to take him in
Upon my naked ſkin
God wot we thought no ſyn
What though he crept ſo lowe
It was no hurt I trow
He did nothing perdee
But ſyt vpon my knee
Philip though he were nife
In him it was no vife
Philip had leaue to go
To pike my litle too
Philip might be bold
And do what he wold
Philip wold ſeke and take
All the flees blake

that

That he coulde there espye
With his wanton eye
CO pe ra
La soll fa fa
cõfitebor tibi dñe toto corde meo
Alas I wold ride and go.

A Thousand mile of ground
If any such might be found
it were worth an hundreth poũd
Of kynge Crefus golde
Or of Artalus the old
The ryche Prince of pargame
Who so list the story to se.
Cadmus that his sister sought
And he should be boughte
For golde and fee
He should ouer the sea
To wete, if he coulde bryng
Any of the spryng
Or anye of the bloude
But who so vnderstode
Of Medeas arte

I wold I had a part
Of her crafty magike
my sparow thã should be quycke
Wyth a charme or twaine
And play with me agayne
But al this is in vaine
Thus for to complaine
¶ I toke my sampler ones
Of purpose for the nones
To sow with stitches of silke
My sparow white as mylke
That by representacion
Of his Iwage and facion
To me it might Import
Some pleasure and comfort
For my solace and sport
but whã I was sowing his beke
me thought my sparow did speke
And opened his pretyhil
Saying, maid ye are in wil
Again me for to kil
ye prycke me in the head
With that my nedle waxed red

Me thought of Philyps blood
Mine here right vpstode
And was in such a fray
My speche was taken away
I kest downe that there was
And sayd alas, alas
How comyneth this to pas
My fingers dead and cold
Could not my sampler hold
My nedle and threde
I thrue away for drede
The best now that I may
Is for his soule to pray.
Ca porta inferi
Good Lord haue mercie
Upon my sparowes soule
Writen in my bede roule
Cau di ui bo cem
Japhet cam and Sem
Ma gni fi cat
Shew me the right path.
O the hilles of armonye
Wherfore the birdes yet cry

Of your fathers bote
That was sometime a flote
And now they lye and rote
Let some poetes wryte
Deucalious floud it hight
But as verely, as ye be
The naturall sonnes three
Of Noe the Patriarke
That made that great art
Wherin he had apes and owles
Beastes, byrdes, and foules
That if ye can fynde
Any of my sparowes kinde
God sende the soule good rest
I woulde yet haue a nest
As pryety and as prest
As my sparow was
But my Sparow dyd pas
All sparowes of the wod
That were since Noes floud
Was neuer none so good
King Philip of Macedony
Had no such Philip as I

No

No no fyr hardely.
¶ That vēge aunce I aske & cry
By way of exclamacion
On al the whole nacyon
Of Cattes wilde and tame
god send them sorow and shame
That Cat specially
That slue so cruelly
My litle pyety sparow
That I brought vp at Carow.
¶ O cat of churlysshe kynde
The feend was in thi minde
Whan thou my byrd vntwinde
I wolde thou haddest ben blynd
The leopardes sauage
The lyons in their rage
Myght catche the in their pawes
And gnaw the in theyr iawes
These serpentes of Libany
Myght sting thee venemously
The dragons with their tunges
Myght poison thi liuer & lunges
The manticors of ỹ mountaynes

Myght

Wight feed them on thi braines
¶ Melanchates that hound
that plucked Acteō to the ground
Gaue him his mortal wound
Chaunged to a deere
The story doth appeere
Was chaunged to an hare
So thou foule cat, that thou art
The selfe same hound
Wight thee confound
That his own Lord bote
Wight bite asunder thy throte
¶ Of Ilide the gredy gripes
Wight teare out al thy tripes
Of Arcady the beares
Wight plucke away thine eares
The wilde wolfe Licaon
Bite asonder thy backe bone
Of Ethna the brenning hil
that day and night brenneth stil
Set in thy tayle a blase
That al the world may gase
And wonder vpon thee

Frō

From Dcean the greatest
Unto the Iles of Ozchadye
From Tilbery ferry
To the playne of Salysbery
So trayterously my byrd to kyll
That neuer ought the euil wyl
Was neuer bird in cage
Moze gentil of corage
In doing his homage
Unto his soueraine
Alas I say agayne
Death hath departed vs swayne
The false cat hath the slaine
Fare wel Phillip adew
Our Lord thy soule rescewe
Farewel without restoze
Farewel foz euermoze
And it were a Iew
It wold make one rew
To se my sozow new
These vilanus false cattes
Were made foz mise and rattes
And not foz byrdes smale

Alas my fate compeleth pale
Telling this pyteous tale
How my byrdes fayre
That was wont to repayre
And often at my fpayre
And gape in at my goare
Of my goune before
Flickering with hes wynges
Alas my hert it ftrynges
Remembzing pzety thynges
Alas myne hart it fleeth
Wy pbilips dolefull death
Whan I remembze it
How pzetely it wold fit
Many tymes and oft
Upon my finger aloft
I played with him tittel tattel
And fed him with my fpattel
With his dul berwene my lips
It was my pzety pbips
Many a pzety ruffe
Had I of his fwete muffe
And now the cauſe is thus

That he is flayne me fro
To my great payne and woe
Of torture this the chaunce
Standeth on varyaunce
Oft time after pleasaunce
Trouble and greuaunce
No man can be sure
Alway to haue pleasure
As wel perceiue ye may
How my disport and playe
From me was taken away
By Gyb our cat sauage
That in a furious rage
Caught Philip by the head
And slue him there starke dead.
Kyrieleyson Christeleyson
Kyrie leyson.

FOr Philip sparowes soule
Set in our bead roule
Let vs now whysper
A Pater noster.
Laus anima mea dominō.

To weep with me loke ye yet come
All manner of byrdes in your kynde
See none be left behynde
To mayntayne loke that ye fayle
With dolorous songes funerall
Some to synge, and some to sayle
Some to weep and some to pyall
Euerybird in his lay
The Goldfinch the wagtayle
The iangling Jay to rayle
The flecked pye to chatter
Of this dolorous matter
And Robyn redbrest
He shalbe the preest
The Requiem masse to synge
Softly warbelyng
With helpe of the redsparow
And the chatteryng swallow
This hearse for to halow
The Larke with his long toe
The spynke & the Martinet also
The shouelar with his brode beke
The dotterel that foolysh pecke

And

And also the mad coote
With a balde face to roote
The feldefare and the snyte
The crowe and the kyte
The rauen called dytte
His playne songe to solfe
The partriche the quayle
The plouer warth hys to wayle
The wodhacke ſyngeth chorre
Hoorſly as he had the murre
The lusty chaunting nightingale
The popingay to tell her tale
That toteth oft in a glasse
Shal rede the Gospel at masse
The mauis with her whistel
Shal rede there the pistell.
¶ But with a large and a long
To kepe iust playne songe
Our chaunters shalbe ỹ Cuckoue
The Culuer the stockedoue
With puwyt the Lapwing
The verlycles shal synge
The Bittor with his bumpe

The Crane with his trompe
The Swan of Flaunders
The Goose and the Gander
the ducke and the drake
What watch at thys wake
the Pecocke so proude
Because hys voyce is loude
And hath a glosyng tale
He shal kyng the graye
the Owle that so foule
Must helpe vs to Youle
the Heron so gaunt
And the Cormoraunte
Wyth the Fesaunt
And the gaglyng gaunte
And the churlish Choughe
the rout and the dough
the barnacle, the dottard
With the wilde mallard
the dyuendoppe to sleep
the water hen to weep
the puffin, and the tele
Money they shal dele
to poze folke at large

That shalbe there ye chaunge
The semew, and the titmose
The woodcocke with ꝑ long nose
The threstil with her warblinge
The starling with hes brablinge
The cooke with the Osprey
That putteth fishes to affray
And the deinty curlew
With the turtil most true
At thys placebo
We may not well forgo
The countring of the co
The stocke also
That maketh his nest
In chimneyes to rest
Within those walles
Nor broken galles
Maye there abide
Of cokoldry syde
Nor els Philosophy
Maketh a gratyye
The Estridge that wil eate
In horsshowe so greate

In

In the stede of mees
Such ferment he at
His stomake so great
He cannot wel fly
Nor synge tunably
yet at abrayde
He hath wel assayde
to solfa above Gis
Ga lozell fa fa
Re quando
Male cantando
the best that we can
to make him our belman
An let him wynd the bels
He can do nothing els.

Chauntecleere our Cocke
Must tel what is of the clocke
By the astrology
that he hath naturally
Conceyued and caught
And was neuertaught
By Albumazer
the Astronomer

Nor by ptholomy
Prince of Astronomy
Nor yet by [illegible]
And yet he croweth dayly
And nightly the hyde
That no man abides
With partlot his hen
Whome now and then
He plucketh by the hed
Whan he doth her tred
The bird of Arabye
That potencially
May neuer dye
And yet there is none
But one alone
A phenyx it is
This herle that must bliss
With armatick gummes
That cost great summes
The way of thurifications
To make fumigations
Swete of reflayre
And redolent of ayre

This coxe for to fende
With great [illegible]
As patriarke of [illegible]
In a blacke cope
Whiles he senseth
He shal syng the verse
Libera me
In de la sale
Softly be mynde
For my sparowes soule
Plinni sheweth al
In his story naturall
What he doth finde
Of the phenix kinde
Of whose incineration
There riseth a new creation
Of the same facion
Without alteration
Saving that old age
Is turned into corage
Of fresh youth again
This matter true and playne
Playne matter in deed

But for the Egle wolde thy
pestin the slay
e shalbe thy se vesture
the quere to be meane
is prouost principal
To teach them in their Dyetys
also the noble fawcon
with the gerfawcon
the tarsel gentil
they shal wone soft and stil
in theyr amise of gray
the sacre with them shal say
Dirige for philpis soul
The Goshauke shall haue a toul
the quere stretes to contoul
The lanners and marlions
shal stād in their mourning gounes
The hobby and the muscet
the fesers and the trosse shal fet
The kestrel in al this warde
Shalbe holy water clarke

And now the darke cloudy nyght
Chaseth away phebus bryght
taking his course toward ye west
god sed my pasoes soul good rest
Requiē eternā dona eis domine
fa fa fa my re re
A poz ta in te ci
fa fa fa my my
¶ Credo videre bona domini.
I pray god philip to heue mai fi
Domine exaudi oracionē mea
to heaue he shall trō benē he can
¶ Do mi sus do bis cum
of al good prayers god send hi
Oremus.
de⁹ cui pprium est miserere & pce
On philips soule haue pity.

FOr he was a pretty cocke
And came of a gentil stocke
and wrapt in a maydes smock
And cherished ful daintely
til cruel fate made him to dye
Alas

Alas for doleful deathe
But where to shal I
Lenger mone or crie
To Jupiter I cal
Of heauen emperial
That Philip may fly
Aboue the sterry sky
To treade the prety wren
That is our Ladies hen
Amen, amen, amen
¶ Yet one thing is behinde
That now commeth to mi minde
In Epitaphe I wold haue
For Philips graue
But for I am a mayde
Timerous, halfe a straide
That neuer yet a layde
Of Elycones wel
Where the muses dwel
Though I can rede and spel
Recount, repeat and tell
Of the tales of Cauterbury
Some sad stories, some mery

As

As Palamon and Arcet
Duke Theseus and partelet
And of the wife of Bath
They worketh much scath
Whan her tale is told
Among hus wiues bold
How she controld
Her husbandes as she wold
And them to dispise
In the homeliest wise
Vsing other waues in thought
their husbādes to set at naught
And though that red haue I
Of Gawen and syr Guy
And tel can a great peece
Of the golden fleece
How Jason it wan
Like a valiaunt man
Of Arturs round table
with his knyghtes commēdable
And dame Gaynour hys Quene
was I omwhat wanton I wene
How syr Launcelote de lake

Wan

Many [illegible]
For this [illegible]
Of Tristrem and Isayny Sparke
And al the whole [illegible]
Of bele Isoude his [illegible]
For whom was muche [illegible]
Some say the was sygh
And made her husband knyght
Of the comen hal
That cuckoldes metyal
And of sir Lidius
Named Wisconius
Of quarterfyls I mund
And howthey were sommond
To Rome to Charlemayne.
Upon a great payne
And how they rode each one
On Bayard Mountalbon
Men se him now and than
In the forest Arden
Al though I can frame
The storyes by name

Of Iudas Machabeus
And of Cesar Iulius
And of the [illegible]
Paris and Helene
And of the [illegible]
That made the Romayns al
Forbrede and to quake
How Scipion did wake
The citie of Cartage
Whiche by his vnmercyful rage
He beat down to the ground
And though I can expound
Of Hector of Troye
That was all theyr ioye
Whome Achilles slue
Wherfore all Troy did rue
And of the loue so hote
That made Troylus to dote
Upon fayre Cresseyde
And what they wrote and sayd
And of their wanton wyls
Pandare bare the byls
From one to the other

Hys

His maisters loue to further
Sometime a precious thyng
An ouche or else a ryng
From her to him agayn
Sometime a pretty chain
Or a bracelet of her heare
Prayed Troylus for to weare
That token for her sake
Howbeartely he did it take
And euyrych thyng did make
And al that was in hayne
For she did but fayne
The story telleth playne
He could not obtayne
Though his father were a king
Yet there was a thyng
That made the male to wryng
She made him to sing
The song of louers laye
Wailing night and daye
Mourning all alone
Comfort had he none
For she was quyte gone

Thus in conclusion
She brought him in abusion
In earnest and in game
She was much to blame
Disparaged is her fame
And blemished is her name
In manet halt wyth shame
Troylus also hath lost
On her much loue and cost
And now must kisse the post
Pandara that went between
Hath won nothyng I weetn
But light for lowre greene
yet for a special land
He is named Troylous baud
Of that name he is sure
Whiles the world shal dure
Though I remēbre the fable
Of Penelope most stable
To her husband most trew
Yet long time she ne knew
Whether he were on liue or dede
Her wit stode her in sted

that

That she was true and mete
For anye bodelye lette
To Ulixes her make
And neuer wold him forsake
Of Marcus Marcellus
Aprosles I could tel vs
And of Anteocus
And of Iosephus
De antiquitatibus
And of Marcocheus
And of great assuerus
And of Uesta his Queene
Whome he forsoke with teene
And of Hester his other wife
with whom he led a pleasaunt life
Of kinge Alexander
And of kyng Euander
And of Porsena the greate
that made the romains to sweat
Though I haue enrold
A thousande newe and old
Of these historyous tales
To fil bougets and males

With bookes that I haue red
Yet I am nothinge sped
And can but lytle skyl
Of Mundo or Vergil
Or of Plutharke
Or of Fraunces Petrarke
Alceus or Sapho
Or suche other Poetes moe
As Linus and Homerus
Enphorion and Theocritus
Anacreon an Arion
Sophocles and Philemon
Pindarus and Demonides
Philistion and Phorcides
These Poetes of auncientis
They are to diffuse for vs
For as I to fore haue sayd
I am but a ponge mayd
And cannot in effect
Wi stile as yet direct
With englyshe wordes elect
Our natural tonge is rude
And hard to be enneude
Wyth

wyth polysshed termes lusty
Oure language is so rusty
So cankered and so full
Of straunge wordes and dull
That if I wold apply
To write ornately
I wot not where to fynde
Termes to serue my mynde
Gowers englysshe is olde
And of no value is tolde
Chaucers matter is worthy gold
And worthy to be enfolde
In Chaucers I am syed
His tales I haue eyed
His matter is delectable
Solacious and commendable
His englisshe wel alowed
So as it is enprowed
For as it is employed
There is no englysshe voyd
At those dayes much commended
And now me wold haue amended
His englisshe where as they dyde

And

And marre all they worke
Chaucer that famous Clarke
His tearmes were not darcke
But pleasaunt easy, and playne
No worde he wrote in vayne
Also Jhon Lydgate
Wryteth after an hyes rate
It is diffuse to fynde
The sentence of his mynde
yet wryteth he in his kind
No man that can amend
Those maters that he hath penn
yet some men finde a faut
And say he wryteth to haut
Wherfore hold me excused
If I haue not wel perused
Myne englythe halfe abused
Thoughe it be refused
In worth I shal it take
And fewer wordes make
But for my sparowes sake
yet as a woman maye
My wit I shal assay

An Epytaphe to wrighte
In latyne playne and ryghte
Wherof the Elegy
Folowethe by, and by
Flos volucrum formose vale
Philippe sub isto
Marmore iam recubas
Qui mihi casus eras
Semper erunt nitide
Radiantis sidera celo
Impressus que meo
Pectore semper eris
Per me Laurigerum
Britanum Skeltonida vatem
Hec recinisse licet
Ficta sub imagine texta
Cuius eris volucris
Prestanti corpore virgo
Candida Nais erat
Formosior ista Joanna est
Docta corinna fuit
Sed magis ista sapit
Bien men souient

The

Beati immaculati in via
Do glo rio sa femina
Now mine hole imaginacion
And studious meditacion
Is to take this commendacion
In this consideracion
And vnderpacient tolleracyon
Of that most godly mayd
That Placebo hath sayd
And for her sparowe prayd
In lamentable wyse
Now wyl I enterprise
Thorow the grace diuine
Of the muses nine
her beauty to commend
If Arethusa wyl send
Me influence to endite
And with my pen to write
If Apollo wyl promyse
Melodiously it to deuise
his tunable harpe stringes
With armonye that synges

Of Princes and of kinges
And of all pleasaunt thynges
Of lust and of delyght
Thorow his goodly myght
To whome be the laud alwayes
That my pen hath enbibed
With the swete droppes
As verely my hope is
Of Thagus that golden floud
That passeth al the earthly good
And as that floud dothe pas
Al floudes that euer was
With hys golden sandes
Who so that vnderstandes
Cosmography: and the streames
And ỹ floudes in straunge reames
Ryght so she doth excede
Al other of whom we rede
Whose fame by me shall spryde
Into Perce and Mede
From britons Albion
To the toure of Babilon
I trust it is no shame
And

And no manne wyll me blame
Thoughe I regester her name
In the courte of fame
For thys moste goodly flour
This blossome of fresshe colour
So Jupiter me succoure
She flowrysheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Retribue seruo tuo vinicia me
Labia mea laudabunt te.

But enforsed am I
Openlye to askry
And to make an out cry
Agaynste odyous enuye
That euermore wyll lye
And saye curstedlye
With hys lether eye
And chekes dye
With vysage wan
As warte as tan
his bones crake

Len

Leaue as a take
Hys gummes rustye
Are full vnlustye
Hys harte wyth all
Bytter as gal
His liuer his longes
With anger is wronge
Hys serpentes tonge
That many one hath stonge
He frowneth euer
he laugheth neuer
Euen nor morowe
But other mens sorowe
Causeth him to grin
And retoice therein.
No slepe can hym catche
But euer dothe watche
he is so bete
With malice and frete
Wyth anger and yre
his foule desyre
Wyl suffer no sleep
In hys heade to creep

hys

Hys foule semblaunte
Al displeasaunte
Whan other are glad
Than is he sad
frantycke and mad
his tounge neuer styl
for to saye yll
Wrythyng and wrangling
Bityng and stingyng
And thus this elf
Consumeth hym selfe
hym selfe dothe slee
Wyth payne and woe
This fals envy
Sayth that I
Use greate follye
for to endite
And for to wryte
And spende my time
In prose and rime
for to expres
The nobleness
Of my maistres

That

That causeth me
Studious to be
To make a relation
Of her commendacyon
And there agayne
Enuy doth complayne
And hath disdaine
But yet certayne
I wyl be playne
And my stile dres
To this prosses
Nowe Phebus me sen
To sharpe my pen
And leade my fyste
As him best lyst
That I may say
Honoure alwaye
Of woman kynde
Trouthe doth me bynde
And loyaltie
Euer to be
Their true bedel
To wryte and tel
How

How women excel
In noblenes
Is my maystres
Of whome I thinke
With pen and ynke
For to compyle
Some goodly stile
For thys moste goodly floure
This blossom of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succour
She florisheth new and new
In beaute and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina

Legem pone michi domine in viam iustificationum tuarum.
Quẽ admodũ desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum.

HOwe shal I reporte
All the goodly sort
Of her fetures clerte
That hath none earthly peere
Her fauoure of her face

Eunew

Ennewed with alegrace
Confort, pleasure and solace
Myne hart doth so embrace
And so hath ravished me
Her to behold and se
That in wordes playne
I cannot me refrayne
To loke on her agayne
Alas what shoulde I sayne
It were a pleasaunte payne
Wyth her aye to remayne
Her eyen graye and steepe
Causeth myne harte leepe
With her browes bente
She maye wel represente
Fayre Lucres as I weene
Or els fayre Polexene
Or elsse Caliope
Or els Penelope
For thys moste goodlye flowre
This blossome of freshe colowre
So Jupiter me succoure
She flowrisheth new and new

In

In beauty and vertus
hac claritate gemina
O gloria femina
Nemo est qui dicat tui seruo tu
Seruus tuus sum ego.

The Indy Saphyre blewe
Her vaynes doth ennewe
The Orient pearle so clere
The whitnes of her lere
The lusty ruby ruddes
Resemble the Rose buddes
Her lippes soft and mery
Emblomed like the chery
It were an heauenly blysse
Her sugred mouthe to kysse
Her beauty to augment
Dame nature hath her lente
A warte vpon her cheke
Who so lyst to seeke
In her visage a skar
That semeth from afar
Lyke to the radyant star
All with fauour fret

So

So propretyt is set
She is the violet
The daisy delectable
The columbine commendable
This seloser amiable
This moste goodly flour
This blossome of fresche colour
So Jupiter me succoure
She flowrytherh new and new
In beauty and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Bonitatē sertilitatē cū seruotuo dñs
Et ex precordus sonat pretonia.

AND whan I perceiued
Her wart and conceiued
It cannot be denaid
But it was wel conuaid
And set so womanly
And nothing wantonly
But right conuenientlye
And full congruently
As nature could deuise

In moste goodly wyse
Who so lyst beholde
It maketh louers bolde
To her to sue for grace
Her fauour to purchase
The sker vpon her chin
Enhached on her fayre skin
whiter than the swan
It wold make any man
To forget deadly syn
Her fauour to wyn
For this most goodly flour
This blossome of fresshe colour
So Jupiter me succour
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina.
Defecit in salutate tuũ aia mea
quid petis filio, mater dulcissima
Shut and make no din (ba ba
For now I wyl begyn
To haue in remembraunce
Her

Her goodly valyaunce
And her goodly pastaunce
So sad and so demure
Behauing her so sure
With wordes of pleasure
She wold make to the rule
And any man conuert
To geue her his whole hart
She made me sore amased
Upon her whan I gased
Me thought mine hart was ers
My eyen were so dased (sed
For this most goodly flour
The blossome of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succoure
She flourysheth new and new
In beauty and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Quomodo diligi legem tuã dñe.
Recedant vetera nouasunt oia.
And to amend her taie
A Whan she lyst to anale

D.ii. and

And with her fyngers ſmal
And handes ſoft as ſilke
Whiter than milke
That are ſo quickely vayned
Wherwith my hand ſhe ſtrained
Lord how I was payned
Unneth I me refrayned
How ſhe me had reclaymed
And me to her retayned
Enbraſyng ther with all
Her goodly middle ſmal
With ſides long and ſtreyt
To tel you what conceit
I had than in a trice
The matter were to nyce
And yet there was no vyce
Nor yet no villany
But only fantaſy
For this moſt goodly flour
The bloſſome of freſh colour
So Jupiter me ſuccour
Shе floriſheth new and new
In beautie and vertew

Yat

Hac claritate gemina
O glorioſa femina
¶ Iniquos odio habui
Non calumnientur me ſuperbi.
But whereto ſhould I note
How often dyd I tote
Upon her pzety kote
It rayſed myne hart rote
To ſee her treade the grounde
With heles ſhozt and rounde
She is plainly expzeſſe
Egeria the goddeſſe
And lyke to her ymage
Impoztured with coꝛage
A louers pilgrimage
There is no beſt ſauage
Ne no tygre ſo wood
But ſhe wold chaunge his mood
Such relucent grace
Is fozmed in her face
Foꝛ this moſt goodly flour
This bloſſome of freſhe coloure
So Jupiter me ſuccour

She flowysheth newand new
In beauty and vertue
hac claritate geminus
O gloryosa femina
Mirabilia testimonia tua ſſus
ſicut nouelle plãtacões i tuuẽtute

SO goodly as she dresses
So properly she presses
The bryght golden tresses
Of her heare so fyne
Lyke Phebus beames shyne
Where to should I discloſe
The garteryng of her hoſe
It is for to suppoſe
Howe that she can weare
Gorgiouslye her geare
Her freshe habilementes
With other implementes
To serue for all ententes
Lyke dame floza queene
Of lusty somer grene
This moste goodly flour
This blossome of freshe coloure

So Jupiter me succoure
She florysheth new and newe
In beauty and vertewe
Hac claritate gemina
O glorioſa femina
Clamaui toto corde exaudi me.
Via tua magna eſt ſuper me.

HEr kyrtel ſo goodly laſed
And vnder that is bꝛaced
Such pleaſures that I maꝛ
Neither wꝛyte noꝛ ſay
yet though I wꝛite not with ink
No man can let me thinke
Foꝛ thought hath libertie
Thought is franke and free
To thynke a mery thought
It coſt me litle oꝛ nought
Wold god mine homely ſtile
Were pollyſhed with the file
Of Ciceros eloquence
To pꝛayſe her excellence
The mooſte goodlye floure
This bloſſome of freſhe colours

So

So Jupiter me succoure
She flowyssheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Principes persecuti sūt me gratis
Oibus cōsideratis. Paradisy vo
luptatis, hec virgo est dulcissima

My pen it is vnable
My hand it is vnstable
My reason rude and dull
To prayse her at the full
Goodly maistres Jane
Sobre, demure Diane
Jane this maistres highte
The lode star of delyght
Dame Venus of all pleasure
The wel of worldlye treasure
She doth excede and passe
In prudence dame Pallas
The mooste goodlye floure
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succoure

She

She floriſheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
hac claritate gemina
O glorioſa femina.

Requiē eternam dona eis dñe
with this pſalm. Dñe probaſti
Shall ſaile ouer the ſea (me
with tibi domine commēdamus
On pilgrimage to ſaint Jamys
For ſhrympes, and for prawes
And for ſtalkynge cranes
And wher my pen hath offended
I pray you it may be amended
By diſcrete conſideracion
Of your wiſe reformacion
I haue not offended I truſt
If it be ſadly diſcuſt
It were no gentle guyle
This treatiſe to diſpiſe
Becauſe I haue writen and ſaid
honour of this fayre maid
Wherfore ſhould I be blamed
That I Jane haue named

And

And famously proclamed
She is worthy to be enrold
With letters of golde.

¶ Carelle vault.

PEr me Laurigerum Vlitoni
Skeltonida latem
Laudibꝰ eximiis merito, hec
remedita puella est
Formosam pocetini qua non for-
mosior vlla est
Formosam pocius, quam cõmen
daret homerus
Sic iuuat interdũ regidos recre
are labores
Nec minus hoc titulo tersa mi-
nerua mea est.
Rien que plaisere.

Thus endeth ỹ boke of Philip
sparow, & here folowyth an ad-
dicion made by master Skeltõ.

¶ The

The cyte now a dayes
Of some tanglyng tayes
As to discommend
That they cannot amend
Though they wold spend
All the wyttes they haue
What ayle them to dep̄aue
Phillip sparowes graue
His dirige: her commendacion
Can be no derogacion
But myrth and consolacion
Made by protestacion
No man to miscontent
With Phillippes enterement
Alas that goodly mayd
Why should she be afrayd
Why should she take shame
That her goodly name
Honorably reported
Should be set and sorted
To be matriculate
With Ladyes of estate
I conjure the Phillip sparow

By

By Hercules that held dyd harow
And with a venemous arow
Slewe of the Epidaures
One of the Centaures
Or Onocentaures
Or Hipocentaurius
By whose might and maine
An hart was slayne
With hornes twayne
Of glittering gold
And the appels of gold
Of Hesperides with hold
And with a dragon kept
That neuer more slept
By martial strengthe
He wan at lenght
And slue Gerion
With thre bodies in one
With mighty corage
Auaunted the rage
Of a Lyon sauage
Of Dyomedes stable
He brought out a table

Of courſers and rounſes
With leapes and bounſes
And with mighty lugging
Wreſtlyng and tuggyng
He plucked the bul
By the hornedſkul
And offred to Cornucopia
And ſo forth perceteras
Alſo by Ecates bower
In Plutus gaſtly tower
By the vglye Eumenides
That neuer haue reſt nor eaſe
By the venemous ſerpent
That in hel is neuer drente
In Lerna the Grekes fen
That was engendred then
By Chemeras flames
And all the deadly names
Of infernal poſty
Where ſoules fry and rouſty
By the ſtigial flood
And the ſtreames wood
Of Cocitus hot ymies wel

By

By the ferryman of hel
Caron with his beard hore
That roweth with a rude ore
And with his fore top
Gideth his bote with a prop
I coniure Phillip and cal
In the name of kyng Saul
Primo regum expresse
He had the Phitonesse
To wytchecraft her to dres
And by her abusions
And damnable illusyons
Of meruelous conclusions
And by her superstycions
And wonderful condicions
She rayled vp in that stede
Samuel that was deade
But whether it were so
He were, idem in numero
The selfe same Samuel
How be it to Saule dyd he tel
the Philistines shuld him aferye
And the next day he shuld dye

I wyl my ſelf diſcharge
To lettred men at large
But Philip I conture thes
Now by theſe names three
Diana in the woodes greene
Luna that ſo bryght doth ſhyne
Proſerpina in hell
that thou ſhortly tel
And ſhew now vnto me
What the cauſe may be
Of this perplexitie

Infera phillippe Hecroupe pulchra Iodina
Inſtanter perlit, cur noſtri carminis illam
Nõe puder, eſt ſero, minor eſt infamia vero.

Than ſuch as haue diſdayned
And of thys worke complayned
I pray God they be payned
No worſe than is contayned
In verſes two or three
that folowe as ye may ſee

Luride cur tinor volucris pia funera dãnas
Talia te rapiant, rapiãt que fata vulturnus
Eſt tamen inuidia mors tibi contenta.

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